## THE VICTORY OF THE GRAND DUKE OF MITTENHEIM.

BY ANTHONY HOPE. Author of "The Prisoner of Zensin," "The Dolly Dialogues," etc.

(Copyright, 1855, by A. H. Hawkins,)

King Rudolf, being in the worst of humors, had declared in the presence of all the court that women were born to plague men and for no other purpose whatsoever under heaven. Hearing this discourteous speech, the Princess Osra rose and said that, for her part, she would go walking alone by the river outside the city gates, where she would at least be assailed by no more reproaches. For since she was irrevocably determined to live and die unmarried, of what use or benefit was it to trouble her with embassies, courtings or proposals, either from the Grand Duke of Mittenheim or anybody else? She was utterly weary of this matter of love, and ner mood would be unchanged, though this new sultor were as exalted as the King of France, as rich as Croesus himself, and as handsome as the god Apollo. She did not desire a husband, and there was an end of it. Thus she went out, while the queen sighed and the king fumed, and the courtiers and fadies said to one another that these dissensions made life very uncomfortable at Strelsau, the ladies further ad-



He Drew Aside.

ding that he would be a bold man who married Osra, although doubtless she was not ill looking.

To the banks of the river outside the

walls than Osra went; and as she went she seemed to be thinking of nothing at all in the world, least of all of whom she might chance to meet there on the banks of the river, where in those busy hours of the day few came. Yet there was a strange new light in her eyes, and there seemed a new understanding in her mind; and when a young peasant wife came by, her baby her arms, Osra stopped her, and kisse in her arms, Osra stopped her, and kissed the child and gave money, and then ran on in unexplained confusion, laughing and blushing as though she had done something which she did not wish to be seen. Then without reason her eyes filled with tears, but she dashed them away, and burst sud-denly into singing. And she was still sing-ing when, from the long grass by the river's edge, a young man sprang up, and, with a very low bow, drew asl le to let her pass. He had a book in his land, for he was a student at the university and came there to pursue his learning in peace; his plain brown clothes spoke of no wealth or station, though certainly they set off a station, though certainly they set off a staiwart straight shape and seemed to match well with his bright brown hair and hazel eyes. Very low this young man bowed, and Osra bent her head. The pace of her walk slackened, grew quicker, slack-ened again; she was past him, and with a great sigh he lay down again. She turned he sprang up; she spoke coldly, yet kindly.

"Sir." said she, "I cannot but notice that
you lie every day here by the river, with
your book, and that you sigh. Tell me
your trouble, and if I can I will relieve it."

"I am reading, madame," he answered,
"of Helen of Troy, and I am sighing because she is dead."
"It is an old grief by now," said Osra,
smiling. "Will no one serve you but Helen
"Troy." of Troy?"
"If I were a prince," said he, "I need

"No, sir?"
"No, madame," he said, with another

"Forewell, sir."
"Madame, farewell."
So she went on her way and saw him no more till the next day, nor after that till the rext day, nor after that till the next

day following; and then came an interval when she saw him not, and the interval was no less than twenty-four hours; yet still he read of Helen of Troy, and still sighed that she was dead, and he no prince. At last he tempted the longed-for question from her shy smiling lies. from her shy smiling lips.

"Why would you not mourn, sir, if you were a prince?" said she. "For princes and princeses have their share of sighs." And with a very plaintive sigh Osra looked at the rapid running river, as she waited for the answer. Because I would then go to Strelsau,

"But you are at Strelsau row!" she cried with wonderful surprise.

"Ah, but I am no prince, madame," said

"Can princes alone-forget in Strelsau?"

"Hew should a poor student dare to—forget in Streisau?" And as he spoke he made bold to step near her and stood close, looking down into her face. Without a word she turned and left him, going with a

word she turned and left him, going with a step that seemed to dance through the meadow and yet led her to her own chamber, where she could weep in quiet.
"I know it now, I know it now," she whispered softly that night to the tree that rose by her window. "Heigh-ho, what am I to do? I cannot die. Ah, me, what am I to do? I wish I were a peasant did but there were that the second of the secon wish I were a peasant girl, but then perhaps he would not—Ah, yes, but he would!"

And her long laugh rippled in triumph through the night, and blended with the rustling of the leaves under a summer treeze, and she stretched her white arms to be a summer the beautiful to the stretched her white arms to be a summer the stretched her white arms. heaven, imploring the kind God with prayers that she dared not speak even

His pitiful ear.

"Love knows no princesses, my princess."

It was that the heard as she fled from him next day. She should have rebuked him, But for that she must have staid; and to next day. She should have rebuked him. But for that she must have staid; and to stay she had not dared. Yet she must rebuke him. She must see him again in order to rebuke him. Yet all this while she must be pestered with the court of the Grand Duke of Mitterheim! And when she would not name a day on which the embessy shuld come, the king flew into a passion and declared that he would himself set a date for it. Was his sister mad be

embassy should come, the king flew into a passion and declared that he would himself set a date for it. Was his sister mad, he asked, that she would do nothing but walk every day by the river's bank?

"Screly I must be mad," thought Osra. "for no same being could be at once so joyful and so piteously unhappy."

Did he know what it was he asked? He seemed to know nothing of it. He did not speak any more now of princesses, only of bis princess; nor of Osra, save of his heart's queen, and when his eyes asked love, they asked as though none would refuse, and there could be no cause for refusal. He would have wooded his neighbor's daughter thus and thas he wooded the sister of King Rudoif. "Will you love me?" was his question, not "Trough you love, yet dare your cwn your love?" He seemed to shut the whole world from her, leaving nothing but her and him; and in a world that held none but her and him, she could love, unblamed, untroubled and with no trembling.

"You forget who I am," she faltered once.

"You are the beauty of the world."

The Officer Bowed and Rettred.

they live-"
"They live?"
"And work," he added. "For she keeps his home while he works."
"What does she do?" asked Osra, with smiling, wondering eyes.
"She gets his food for him when he comes home weary in the evening, and makes a bright fire, and—"
"Ah, and she runs to meet him at the door-Oh, further than the door!"

door-Oh, further than the door! "But she has worked hard and is weary." "No, she is not weary," cried Osra.

The wise say this is silly talk," said

he.
"The wise are fools, then." cried Osra.
"So the dream would please you, mad-She had come not to know how she left

She had come not to know how she left him; somehow, while he still spoke, she would suddenly escape by flight. He did not pursue, but let her go. So now she re-turned to the city, her eyes filled with that golden dream, and she entered her home as though it had been some strange palace decked with new magnificence, and she an allen in it. For her true home seemed now alien in it. For her true home seemed now rather in the cottage of the dream, and she rather in the cottage of the dream, and she moved unfamiliarly through the pomp that had been hers from birth. Her soul was gone from it, while her body rested there; and life stopped for her till she saw him again by the banks of the river.

"In five days now I go," said he; and he smiled at her. She hid her face in her hands. Still he smiled; but suddenly he sprang forward, for she had sobbed. The summons had sounded; he was there; and summons had sounded; he was there; and sprang forward, for she had sobbed. The summons had sounded; he was there; and who could sob again when he was there and his sheltering arm warded away all grief? She looked up at him with shining eyes, whispering:

"Do you go alone?"

A great joy blazed confidently in his eyes

s he whispered in answer:
"I think I shall not go alone."

"I think I shall not go alone.
"But how, how?"
"I have two horses."
"You! You have two horses?"
"Yes. Is it not riches? But we will sell them when we get to the cottage."

"To the cottage! Two horses?"
"I would I had but one for both of us."
"Yes."

"But we should not go quick enough," He took his hand from her waist and

He took his hand from her stands stood away from her.
"You will not come?" he said.
"If you doubt of my coming, I will not come. Ah, do not doubt of my coming.
For there is a great hoard of fears and, black thoughts beating at the door and you had a not it."

"Aud what can keep it shut, my princess?"
"I think your arm, my prince," said she;

and she flew to him.

That evening King Rudolf swore that if That evening King Rudolf swore that if a man were only firm enough and kept his temper (which, by the way, the king had not done, though none dared say so), he could bring any foolish girl to reason in good time. For in the softest voice and with the strangest smile flitting to her face, the Princess Osra was pleased to bid the embassy come on the fifth day from then. "And they shall have their answer then," said she flushing and smiling.

"And they shall have their answer then," said she, flushing and smiling.
"It is as much as any lady could say," the court declared; and it was reported through all Strelsau that the match was as good as made, and that Osra was to be Grand Duchess of Mittenheim.
"She is a sensible girl after all," cried Rudolf, all his anger gone.
The dream began then, before they came to the cottage. Those days she lived in its golden mists, that shut out all the cold world from her, moving through space that held but one form, and time had stood still waiting for one divine unending moment. And the embassy drew near to Strelsau. And the embassy drew near to Strelsau. It was night, the dead of night, and all

was still in the palace. But the sentinel by the little gate was at his post, and the gate warden stood by the western gate of the city. Each was now alone, but to each, an hour ago, a man had come, stealthily and silently through the derivace and and silently through the darkness, and each was richer by a bag of gold than he had heen before. The gold was Osra's-how should a poor student, whose whole fortune was two horses, scatter bags of gold? And other gold Osra had, aye, 500 crowns. Would not that be a brave surprise for the poor student? And she, alone of all awake, stood looking round her room entrance. poor student? And she, alone of all awake, stood looking round her room, entranced with the last aspect of it. Over the city also she looked, but in the selfishness of her joy did no more than kiss a hasty farewell to the good city folk who loved her. Once she thought that may be some day he and she would steal together back to Strelsau, and, sheltered by some disguise, watch the king ride in sulender though the watch the king ride in splendor through the streets. But if ngt—why, what was Strelsau and the people, and the rest? Ah, how long the hours were, before those two horses stood by the little gate, and the sentry and the gate warden earned their bags of gold? So she passed the hours, the last long lingering hours.

ong lingering hours. There was a little tavern buried in the There was a little tayern buried in the rarrowest, oldest street of the city. Here the poor student had lodged; here in the back room a man sat at a table, and two others stood before him. These two seemed gentlemen, and their air spoke of military training.

gentlemen, and their air spoke of military training. They stroked long mustaches and smiled with an amusement that deference could not hide. Both were booted and wore spurs, and the man sitting at the table gave them orders.

"You will meet the embassy," he said to one, "about 10 o'clock. Bring it to the place I have appointed, and wait there. Do not fail."

The officer addressed bowed and retired.



but her and him, she could love, unblamed, untroubled and with no trembling.

"You forget who I am," she faltered once.

"You are the beauty of the world," he answered, smiling, and he kissed her hand—a matter about which she could make no great ado, for it was not the first time that he had kissed it.

But the embassy from the grand duke was to come in a week, and to be received with great pemp. The ambassador was already on the way, currying proposals and gifts. Therefore Osra went, pale and said down to the river bank that day, having declared sgain to the king that she would live and die unmarried. But the kings had laughed again. Surely she needed kin lness and consolation that said day; but fare had kept by her a crowning sorrow, for she found him also almost said, at least she could not tell whether he were said or not. For he smiled and yet seemed ill at ease, like a raan who ventures a fall at ease would come; the princess would

"Madame, in a week I return to my own country."

She looked at him in silence with itps just parted. For her life she could not speak; but the sun grew dark and the river changed its merry tune to mournful dirges. "So the dream ends," said he, "So comes the awakening. But if life were all a dream!" And his eyes sought hers. "Yes," she whispered, "if life were all a dream, sir?"

"Yes," she whispered, "if life were all a dream, sir?"

"Then I should dream of two dreamers whose dream was one and in that dream I should see them ride together at break of day from Strelsau."

"White the student, led by the vision of that cottage in the dream.

Would she come? She would come; she had risen from her knees and moved to and fro, in cautious silence, making her last preparations. She had written a word of love for the brother she loved—for some day, of course, Rudolf would forgive her—and she had ready all that she took with her, the five hundred crowns, one ring that she would give her lover, some clothes to serve till his loving labor furnished more. That night she had wept, and she had laughed; but now she neither wept nor laughed; but there was a great pride in her face and gait. And she opened the door of her room I should see them ride together at break of day from Strelsau."

"Whither?" she murmured.

"To Paradise," said he. "But the dream ends. If it did not end—" He paused.

"If it did not end?" a breathless, longing whisper echoe i.

"If it did not end now, it should not end even with death," said he.

"You see them in your dream? You see them riding—"

"Aye, swiftly, side by side, they two alone, through the morning. None is near, none knows."

He seemed to be searching her face for something that he scarcely hoped to find.

"And their dream," said he, "brings accustomed to walk, when all Strelsau looked on her and hailed her as its glory and its darling.

darling.

The sentry slept, or seemed to sleep. Her The sentry slept, or seemed to sleep. Her face was not even veiled when she opened the little gate; she would not veil her proud face; it was his to look on now when he would; and thus she stood for an instant in the gateway, while he sprang to her, and, kneeling, carried her hand to his lips.

"You are come?" he cried, for though he had believed, yet he wondered.

"I am come?" she smiled. "Is not the word of a princess sure? Ah, how could word of a princess sure: An, now could I not come?"
"See, love," said he, rising, "day dawns in royal purple for you, and golden love for

me."
"The purple is for my king and the love for me," she whispered, as he led her to her horse. "Your fortune!" said she, pointing to them. "But I also have brought a dowry force."

The purple is for my king and her mirth and force is the my force in the said said the mirth and force is the my force in the said said the mirth and force is the mirth and force is the mirth and force is the mirth and the mi -fancy, 500 crowns!" and her mirth and happiness burst out in a laugh. It was so deliciously little—500 crowns!

She was mounted now, and he stood by

her.
"Will you turn back?" he said.

"You shall not make me angry," said she.
"Come, mount."
"Aye, I must mount," said he. "For if
we were found here the king would kill me."
For the first time the peril of their enterprise seemed to strike into her mind and

terprise seemed to strike into her mind and turned her cheek pale.

"Ah, I forgot! In my happiness I forgot. Mount, mount! Oh, if he found you!"

He mounted. Once they clasped hands; then they rode swiftly for the western gate.

"Vell your face," he said, and since he bade her, she obeyed, saying:

"But I can see you through the vell."

The gate stood open, and the gate-warden was not there. They were out of the city, the morning air blew cold and pure from the meadows from the river. The horses stretched into an eager gallop. And Osra tore her vell from her face and turned on him eyes of radiant triumph.

him eyes of radiant triumph.
"It is done," she cried, "it is done."
"Yes, it is done, my princess," said he.
"And—and it is begun, my prince," s

"Yes, and it is begun," said he. "Yes, and it is begun," said he.

She laughed aloud in absolute joy, and
for a moment he also laughed.

But then his face grew grave, and he said:
"I pray you may never grieve for it."
She looked at him with eyes wide in wonder; for an instant she seemed puzzled; but
then she fell again to laughing.
"Grieve for it," said she between her

"Grieve for it!" said she, between her merry laughs.

King Rudolf was a man who lay late in the morning, and he was not well pleased to be roused when the clock had but just struck four. Yet he sat up in his ved, teadily enough, for he imagined that the embassy from the grand duke of Mittenbaim was the same and the same are same as the same are same are same as the same are same are same as the same are same as the same are same as the same are same are same as the same are same are same as the same are same are same are same as the same are embassy from the grand duke of Mittenhelm must be nearer than he had thought, and, sooner than fall in any courtesy toward the prince, whose alliance he ardently desired, he was ready to submit to much inconvenience. But his astonishment was great, when, instead of any tidings from the embassy, one of his gentlemen handed him a letter, saying that a servant had received it from a stranger with instructions to carry it at once to the king; when asked if any answer was desired from his majesty, the stranger had answered, "Not through me," and at once turned away and quickly disappeared. The king, with a peevish oath at having been roused for such a trifle, broke the seal and fastenings of the letter and opened it, and he read:

he read:
"Sire-Your sister does not wait for the "Sire-Your sister does not wait for the embassy, but chooses her own lover; she has met a student of the university every day for the last three weeks by the river bank." (The king started.) "This morning she has fled with him on horseback along the western road. If you desire a student for a brother-in-law, sleep again; if not, up and ride. Do not doubt these tidings." There was no signature to the letter;

"See whether the princess is in the pal-ace. And, in the meanwhile, saddle my ace. And, in the meanwhile, saddle my horse, and let a dozen of the guard be at the gate."

The princess was not in the palace, but

an found the lette left and brought it to the king. And the left and brought it to the king. And the king read: "Brother, whom I love best of all men in the world save one. You will not forgive me now, but some day forgive me. Nay, it is not I who have done it, but my love, which is braver than I. He is the sweetest gentleman alive, brother, and therefore he must be my lord. Let me go, but still love me. Osra."

"It is true," said the king. "And the embassy will be here today." And for a moment he seemed dazed. Yet he spoke nothing to anybody of what the letters contained, but sent word to the queen's apartments that he went riding for pleasure. And he took his sword and his pis-tols; for he swore that by his own hand and that of no other man this sweetest gentleman alive should meet his death. But all, knowing that the princess was not in the palace, guessed that the king's not in the palace, guessed that the kings sudden haste concerned her; and great wonder and speculation rose in the palace, and presently, as the morning advanced, spread from the palace to its environs and from the environs to the rest of the city. For it was reported that a sentinel that had stood guard that night was missing and that a mysterious tinel that had stood guard that night was missing, and that a mysterious letter had come by an unknown hand to the king, and lastly, the Princess Osratheir princess—was gone, whether by her own will or by some bold plot of seizure and kidnaping, none knew. Thus a great stir grew in all Strelsau, and men stood about the streets gossiping when they should have sone to work while woney. about the streets gossiping when they should have gone to work, while women chattered in lieu of sweeping their houses and dressing their children. So that when the king rode out of the court yard of the palace at a gallop, with twelve of the guard behind him, he could hardly make his way through the streets, for the people who crowded round him, imploring him to tell them where the princess was. When the king saw that the matter had thus become public, his wrath was greater still, and he swore again that the student of the university should pay the price of life for his morning ride with the princess. And when he darted through the gate and And when he darted through the gate and set his horse straight along the western road, many of the people, neglecting all their business as folk will for excitement's sake, followed him as best they could, agog to see the thing to its end.

"The horses are weary," said the student to the princess: "we must let them rest."

to the princess; "we must let them rest; we are now in the shelter of the wood." "But my brother may pursue you," she urged; "and if he came up with you-ah,

forbid!

"He will not know you have gone for another three hours," smiled he. "And here is a green bank where we can rest." So he aided her to dismount; then, saying would tether the horses, he led th he would tether the horses, he led them away some distance, so that she could not see where he had posted them; and he returned to her, smiling still. Then he took from his pocket some bread, and, breaking the loaf in two, gave her one half, saying: "There is a spring just here; so we shall have a good breakfast."
"Is this your breakfast?" she asked with

"Is this your breakfast?" she asked with a wondering laugh. Then she began to eat. a wondering laugh. Then see began to eat, and cried directly:

"How delicious this bread is! I would have nothing else for breakfast," and at this the student laughed.

Yet Osra ate little of the bread she liked

so well; and presently she leaned against her lover's shoulder, and he put his arm around her; and they sat for a little while in silence listening to the soft sounds that filled the waking woods as day grew to fullness and the sun teat warm through fullness and the sun beat warm through the sheltering foliage. "Don't you hear the trees?" Osra whis-

pered to her lover. "Don't you hear them? They are whispering for me what I dare not whisper."
"What is it they whisper, sweet?" he asked; and he himself did no more than

ing declared gain to the king that she would live and die unmarried. But the king had laughed again. Surely she needed kindness and consolation that sad day, but fate had kept by her a crowning sorrow, for she found him also almost sail, at least she could not tell whether he were least she could not tell whether he were sail or not. For he smiled and yet seemed ill at ease, like a man who ventures a fall with fortune, hoping and fearing. And he

could kiss no more than her hands; though her eyes gleamed at him from between slim white fingers.

But suddenly her hands dropped and she leaned forward as though she listened.

"What is that sound," she asked, apprehension dawning in her eyes.

"It is but another whisper, leve!" said he.

"Nay, but it sounds to me like—ah, like the roles of horses galloning." the roise of horses galloping."
"It is but the stream, beating over

stones."
"Listen, listen!" she cried, springing to her feet. "They are horses' hoofs. Ah, merciful God, it is the king!" And she caught him by the hand and pulled him to his feet, looking at him with a face pale

his feet, looking at him with a face pale and alarmed.

"Not the king," said he, "he would not know yet. It is some one-else. Hide your face, dear lady, and all will be well."

"It is the king," she cried. "Hark how they gallop on the road! It is my brother. Love, he will kill you, love, he will kill you, love, he will kill you."

"If it is the king," said he, "I have been betrayed." "The horses, the horses!" she cried. "By

your love for me, the horses!"
He nodded his head, and, turning, disappeared among the trees. She stood with clasped hands, heaving breast and fearful eyes, awaiting his return. Minutes passed and he came not. She flung herself on her krees, beseeching heaven for his life. At last he came along alone, and he bent over

has the came along alone, and he bent over her, taking her hand.

"My love," said he, "the horses are gone."

"Gone!" she cried, gripping his hand.

"Aye. This love, my love, is a wonderful thing. For I forgot to the them, and they are gene. Yet what matter? For the king are gone. Yet what matter? For the king—yes, sweet, I think now it is the king—will not be here for some minutes yet, and those minutes I have still for love and life."
"He will kill you," she said.
"Yes," said he.
She looked long in his eyes; then she threw her arms about his neck, and, for the first time unasked, covered his face with kisses.

the first time unasked, covered his face with kisses.

"Kiss me, kiss me," said she; and he kissed her. Then she drew back a little, but took his arm and set it round her waist. And she drew a little knife from her girdle, and showed it him.

"If the king will not pardon us and let us love one another, I also will die," said she; and her voice was quiet and happy. "Indeed, my love, I should not grieve. Ah, do not tell me to live without you!"

"Would you obey?" he asked.

"Not in that," said she.

And thus they stood silent, while the sound of the hoofs drew very near. But she looked up at him and he looked at her; then she looked at the point of the little dagger, and she whispered:

"Keep your arm round me till I die."

He bent his head and kissed her once

He bent his head and kissed her once again, saying:
"My princess, it is enough."
And she, though she did not know why he smiled, yet smiled back at him. For, although life was sweet that day, yet such a death, with him and to prove her love for him, seemed well nigh as sweet. And thus they awaited the coming of the king.
King Rudolf and his guards far outstripped the people who pursued them from the city, and when they came to the skirts of the wood, they divided themselves into four parties, since, if they went all together, they might easily miss the fugitives whom they sought. Of these four parties, one found nothing, another found the two horses which the student himself, who had hidden them, failed to find; the third party had not gone far before they caught sight of the lovers, though the lovers did not see them; and two of them remained to watch and if need to the contract of the contract o ers did not see them; and two of them reers did not see them; and two of them re-mained to watch, and, if need be, to inter-cept any attempted flight, while the third rode off to find the king and bring him where Os a and the student were, as he had commanded.

But the fourth party, with which the from among the trees alone and with his

"Heavens, man, while you're making speeches that rascal is carrying off my sister!" Count Sergius, who was an elderly man, of handsome presence and great dignity, being thus rudely and strangely interrupt-

ed, showed great astonishment and of-fense; but the officer by him covered his mouth with his hand to hide a smile. For

mouth with his hand to hide a smile. For the moment that the king had spoken these impetuous words he was himself overwhelmed with confusion; for the last thing that he wished the grand duke's ambassador to know was that the princess, whom his master courted, had run away that morning with a student of the University of Strakau Accordingly he hegan very

Thus while the ambassador and his men searched high and low for the noted rob-ber, and the king's men hunted for the student of the university, the king, fol-lowed by two of his guard at a distance of about fifty yards (for his horse was better than theirs), came straight to where Osra lowed by two of his guard at a distance of about fifty yards (for his horse was better than theirs), came straight to where Osra and her lover stood together! and a few yards behind the guards came the officer; and he also had by now drawn his sword. But he rode so eagerly that he overtook and passed the king's guards, and got within thirty yards of the king by the time that the king was within twenty yards of the lovers. But the king let him get no nearer, for he put his spurs again into his horse's side, and the horse bounded forward, while the king cried furiously to his sister. "Stand away from him!" The princess did not heed, but stood in front of her lover (for the student was wholly unarmed) holding up the little dagger in her hand. The king laughed scornfully and angrily, thinking 'that Osra menaced him with the weapon and not supposing that it was herself for whom she destined it. And, having reached them, the king leapt from his horse and ran at them, with his sword viscal to estrike. having reached them, the king leapt from his horse and ran at them, with his sword raised to strike. Osra gave a cry of terror. "Mercy!" she cried. "Mercy!" But the king had no thought of mercy, and he would certainly then and there have killed her lover had not the officer, gaining a moment's time by the king's dismounting, at this very instant come galloping up; and, there being no time for any explanation, he leant from his saddle and dashed by, and, outting out his hand, snatched the king's

leant from his saddle and dashed by, and, putting out his hand, snatched the king's sword away from him just as the king was about to thrust it through his sister's lover. But the officer's horse was going so furiously that he could not stop it for hard on forty yards, and he narrowly escaped splitting his head against a great bough that he had against a great bough that ting his head against a great lough that hung low across the grassy path: and he dropped first his own sword and then the king's; but at last he brought the horse to a standstill, and, leaping down, ran back toward where the swords lay. But at the moment the king also ran toward them, for the fury that he had been in before was as nothing to that which now pressessed him. nothing to that which now-possessed him. After his sword was snatched from him he After his sword was shatched from him he stood in speechless anger for a full minute, but then he had turned to pursue the man who had dared to treat him with such insult; and now, in his desire to be at the officer, he had come very near to forgetting the student. Just as the officer came to where the king's sword lay, and picked it up, the king in his turn, reached the officer. up, the king, in his turn, reached the offi up, the king, in his turn, reached the offi-cer's sword and picked up that. The king came with a rush at the officer, who, seeing that the king was likely to kill him or he the king, if he stood his ground, turned tail and sped away at the top of his speed through the forest; but as he went, thinking that the time had come for plain speaking, he looked back over his shoulder and shouted:

"Sire, it's the grand duke himself!"
The king stopped short in sudden amaze ment.
"Is the man mad?" he asked. "Who is

the grand duke?"
"It's the grand duke, sire, who is with the princess, and you would have killed him if I had not snatched your sword," said the officer, and he also came to a halt, but he kept a very wary eye on King Ru-

but he kept a very wary eye on King Rudolf.

"I should certainly have killed him, let him be who he will," said the king. "But why do you call him the grand duke?"

The officer very cautiously approached the king, and, seeing that the king made no threatening motion, he at last trusted himself so close that he could speak to the king in a very low youe and what he said king in a very low voice, and what he said seemed to astonish, please and amuse the king immensely. For he clapped the officer on the back, laughed heartily, and cried: "A pretty trick! On my life, a pretty trick."

Now Osra and her lover had not heard what the officer had shouted to the king, and when Osra saw her brother returning



"What is the dagger for, my willful ter?"
"For me, if you kill him," said she.
"You would kill yourself, then, if I killed king was, though it did not find the fugi-tives, found the embassy from the Grand Duke of Mittenheim; and the ambassador, with all his train, was resting by the road-side, seeming in no haste at all to reach Strelsau. When the king suddenly rode up "I would not live a moment after he was dead. dead."
"Faith, it is wonderful:" said the king with a shrug. "Then, plainly, if you cannot live without him you must live with him. He is to be your husband, not mine.

Therefore, take him if you will." Strelsau. When the king suddenly rode up at great speed and came upon the embassy an officer that stood by the ambassador, whose name was Count Sergius of Antheim, stooped down and whispered in his excellency's ear, upon which he rose and advanced toward the king, uncovered his head and bowing profoundly; for he chose to assume that the king had ridden to meet him out of excessive graciousness and Therefore, take him if you will."
When Osra heard this, which, indeed, for meet him out of excessive graciousness and courtesy toward the grand duke; so that he courtesy toward the grand duke; so that he began, to the impatient king's infinite annoyance, to make a very long and stately speech, assuring his majesty of the great hope and joy with which his master awaited the result of the embassy, for, said he,

When Osra heard this, which, indeed, for joy and wonder she could hardly believe, she dropped her knife and, running forward, fell on her knees before her brother and, catching his hand, she covered it with kisses, and her tears mingled with her kisses. But the king let her go on, and stood over her, laughing and looking at the student. Presently the student began to laugh also, and he had just advanced a step toward King Rudolf, when Count Sergius of Antheim, the grand duke's ambassador, came out from among the trees, riding hotly and with great zeal after the noted robber. But no sooner did the count see the student than he stopped his horse, leapt down with a cry of wonder, and running up to the student, bowed very low and kissed his hand. So that when Osra looked arcund from her kissing of her brother's hand, she behell the grand duke's ambassador kissing the hand of her lover. She sprang to her feet in wonder. ed the result of the embassy, for, said he, since the king was so zealous in his cause, his master could not bring himself to doubt of success, and, therefore, most confidently looked to win for his bride the most exalted ard lovely lady in the world, the peerless Princess Osra, the glory of the court of Strelsau, and the brightest jewel in the crown of the king, her brother. And having brought this period to a prosperous conclusion. Count Sergius took breath and began another that promised to be fully as magnificent and not a whit less long. So that, before it was well started, the king smote his land on his thigh and roared: "Heavens, man, while you're making tuke's ambassador kissing the hand of her lover. She sprang to her feet in wonder.
"Who are you?" she cried to the student. running in between him and the ambassa or. "Your lover and servant," said he.

"And besides?" she said.
"Why, in a month, your husband," laughed the king, taking her lover by the hand.
He clasped the king's hand, but turned at once to her, and said, humbly:
"Alas, I have no cottage!"
"Who are you?" she whispered to him.

"The man for whom you were ready to "The man for whom you were ready to die, my princess. Is it not enough?"
"Yes, it is enough," said she, and she did not repeat her question. But the king, with a short laugh, turned on his heel, and took Count Sergius by the arm and walked off with him; and presently they met the officer and learnt fully how the grand duke had come to Strelsau and how he had contrived to woo and win the Princess Osra, and finally to carry her off from the palace.

morning with a student of the University of Strelsau. Accordingly he began, very hastily and with more regard for prudence than for truth, to tell Count Sergius how a noted and bold criminal had that morning swooped down on the princess as she rode unattended outside the city and carried her off; which seemed to the ambassador a very strange story. But the king told it with great forcer and he besought the he palace.
It was an hour later when the whole of the two companies, that of the king and the two companies, that of the king and that of the ambassador, were all gathered together again, and had heard the story; so that when the king went to where Osra and the grand duke walked together among the trees, and, taking each by a hand, led them out, they were greeted with a great cheer, and they mounted their horses, which the grand duke row found without envy difficulty, although when the prest of mattended outside the cay off; which seemed to the ambassaudivery strange story. But the king told it with great fervor, and he besought the count to scatter his attendants all through the wood and seek the robber; yet he charged them not to kill the man them selves, but to keep him till he came. "For I have sworn to kill him with my own hand," he cried.

Count Sergius, however much assemed far greater the student could not contrive to come upon them, and the whole company rode together out of the wood and along the road towards Streisuu, the trees, and, taking each the trees, and, taking each the robber, and they mounted their horses, which the grand duke row found without the many difficulty, although when the need of them seemed far greater the student could not contrive to come upon them, and the whole company rode together out of the wood and along the road towards Streisuu, the trees, and, taking each the trees, and, taking each the robber, and they mounted their horses, which the grand duke row found without the grand duke row found without the properties of the whole company rode together out of the wood and along the road towards Streisuu, the trees, and, taking each the row found without the trees, and, taking each the trees, and, t I have sworn to kill him with my own hand," he cried.

Now, Count Sergius, however much astonished he might be, could do nothing but accede to the king's request, and he sent off all his men to scour the woods, and, mounting his horse, himself set off with them, showing great zeal in the king's service, but still thinking the king's story a very strange one. Thus the king was left alone with his two guards and with the officer who had smiled. the king being full of jokes and hugely de-lighted with a trick that suited his merry fancy. But before they had ridden far, they met the great crowd which had come out from Strelsau to learn what had hap-pened to the Princess Osra. And the king cried out that the grand duke was to marry the princess. while his guards who had "Will you not go also, sir?" asked the king.

But at this moment a man galloped up at a furious speed, crying:

"We have found them, sir, we have found them,"

"Then he hasn't five minutes to live!" cried the king in flerce joy, and he lugged out his sword, adding, "The moment I set my eyes on him I will kill him. There is no need for words between me and him."

At this speech the face of the officer grew suddenly grave and alarmed; and he put spurs to his horse and hastened after the king, who had at once dashed away in the direction in which the man had pointed, but the king had got a start and kept it, so that the officer seemed terribly frightened, and muttered to himself:

"Heaven send that he does not kill him and the ambassador's peoperad themselves among the crowd and told the story; and when they heard it, the Strelsau folk were nearly beside themselves with amusement and delight, and thronged round Osra, kissing her hands and blessing her. But the king drew back and let her and the grand duke ride alone together, while he followed with conwd them."

At this speech the face of the officer grew suddenly grave and alarmed; and he put spurs to his horse and hastened after the king, who had at once dashed away in the direction in which the man had pointed, but the king had got a start and kept it, so that the officer seemed terribly frightened, and muttered to himself:

"Heaven send that he does not kill him and the ambassador's peoperad themselves among the crowd and told the story; and when they heard it, the Strelsau folk were nearly beside themselves with amusement and delight, and thronged round Osra, kissing her hands and blessing her. But the king drew back and the grand duke ride alone together, while he followed with Count someone had galloped on ahead with the someone had galloped on ahead with the grand duke ride alone together, while he followed with Count sergus.

At this speech the face of the officer sergus. Thus, moving at a very slow pace they came in the forencon to Streisau; but the king "Will you not go also, sir?" asked the been with him, and the ambassador's peo-

It was evening and the moon rose fair and clear over Strelsau. In the streets there were sounds of merriment and rejoicing; for every house was bright with light, and the king had sent out meat and wine for every soul in the city that none might be sad or hungry or thirsty in all the city that night; so that there was no small uproar. The king himself sat in his armchair, toasting the bride and bridegroom in company with Count Sergius of Antheim, whose dignity, somewhat wounded by the trick his master had played upon him, was healing graciously under the baim

of by the trick his master had played upon him, was healing graciously under the balm of King Rudolf's graciousness. And the king said to Count Sergius:
"My lord, were you ever in love?"
"I was, sire," said the count.
"So was I," said the king. "Was it with the countess, my lord?"
Count Sergius' eyes twinkled demurely; but he answered.

I take it, sire, that it must have been with the counters."
"And I take it," said the king, "that it must have been with the queen."
Then they both laughed; and then they both sighed; and the king, touching the count's elbow, pointed out to the terrace

Oae of His Gentlemen Handed Him 1

of the palace, on to which the room where they were opened. For Princess Osra and her lover were walking up and down to-gether on this terrace. And the two gether on this terrace. And shrugged their shoulders smiling.

snrugged their shoulders smiling.
"With him," remarked the king, it will have been with—"
"The countess, sire," discreetly interrupted Count Sergius of Antheim.
"Why, yes, the countess," said the king, and, with a laugh, they turned back to their wine. But the two on the terrace also talked.

But the two on the terrace also talked.
"I do not understand it," said Princess
Osra. "For on the first day I loved you,
and on the second I loved you, and on the
third and the fourth, and every day I loved
you. Yet the first day was not like the second, nor the second like the third, nor any
day like any other. And today, again, is
unlike them all. Is love so various and full
of cherose?" "Is it not?" he asked with a smile. "For

"I was with the king, and he, saying that forewarned was forearmed, told me very trange and pretty stories; of some a repor had reached me before-

"And yet you came to Strelsau?"
"While of others I had not heard."
"Or you would not have come to Strel-

The grand duke, not heeding these questions, proceeded to his concinsion:
"Love therefore," said he, "is very various
For M. de Mercsailles—"

For M. de Mercsailles—"
"These are old stories," cried Osra, pretending to stop her ears.
"Loved in one way, and Stephen the
smith in another, and—the miller of Hofban in a third."

smith in another, and—the miller of Holbau in a third."

"I think," said Osra, "that I have forgotten the miller of Hofbau. But can one heart love in many different ways? I know that different men love differently."

"But cannot one heart love in different ways?" he smiled.

"May be," said Osra, thoughtfully, "one heart can have loved." But then she suddenly looked up at him with a mischievous sparkle in her eyes. "No, no," she cried,

denly looked up at him with a mischievous sparkle in her eyes. "No, no," she cried, "it was not love. It was—"
"What was it?"
"The courtiers entertained me till the king came," she said with a blushing laugh. And looking up at him again she whispered. "Yet I am glad that you lingered for a little."

At this moment she saw the king come out on the terrace; and with him was the

At this moment she saw the king come out on the terrace; and with him was the Pishop of Modenstein; and after the bishop had been presented to the grand duke, the king began to talk with the grand duke, while the bishop kissed Osra's hand and wished her joy.

"Madame," said he, "once you asked me if Leould make you understand what love.

if I could make you understand what love if I could make you understand what love was. I take it you have no need for my lessons now. Your teacher has come." "Yes, he has come," she said gently, look-ing on the bishop with great friendliness. "But tell me, will he always love me?"

"Surely he will," answered the bishop.
"And tell me," said Osra, "shall I always

And tell me, said Osfa, shall I arways love him?"
"Surely," said the bishop again most courteously. "Yet, indeed, madame," he continued, "it would seem almost enough to ask of heaven to love now and now to be loved. For the years roll on, and youth roce, and even the most incomparable beauties." ask of heaven to love now and now to be loved. For the years roll on, and youth goes, and even the most incomparable beauty will yield its blossoms when the season wanes; yet that sweet memory may ever be fresh and young, a thing a man can carry to his grave and raise as her best monument on his lady's tomb."

"Ah, you speak well of love," said she. "I marvel that you speak so well of love. For it is as you say; and today in the wood it seemed to me that I had lived enough, and that even death was but love's servant as life is, both purposed solely for his better ornament."

better ornament."
"Men have died because they loved you madame, and some yet live who love you,"

said the b!shop.
"And shall I grieve for both, my lord-or "And shall I give to the dead have for which?"
"For neither, madame, for the dead have gained peace, and they who live have escaped forgetfulness."
"But would they not be happier for for-

'I do not think so," said the bishop, and "I do not think so," said the bishop, and, bowing low to her again, he stood back, for he saw the king approaching with the grand duke, and the king took him by the arm and walked on with him, but Osra's face lost the brief pensiveness that had come upon it as she talked with the bishop, and, turning to her lover, she stretched out her hands to him, saying:

"I wish there was a cottage, and that you worked for bread, while I made ready for

worked for bread, while I made ready for you at the cottage, and then ran far, far, far, down the road to watch and wait for your coming."

"Since a cottage was not too small, a palace will not be too large," said he, catching ber in his arms.

ng her in his arms.
Thus the heart of Princess Osra found its Thus the heart of Princess Osra found its haven and its rest, for a mouth later she was married to the grand duke of Mittenheim in the Cathedral of Strelsau, having utterly refused to take any other place for her wedding. And again she and he rode forth together through the western gate, and the king rode with him on their way till they came to the woods. Here he paused and all the crowd that accompanied him stoomed also, and they all waited till paused and all the crowd that accompanied him stopped also, and they all waited till the somber depths of the glades hid Osra and her lover from their sight. Then, leaving them thus riding together to their happiness, the people returned home, sad for the loss of their darling princess. But, for consolation and that their minds might less feel her loss, they had her name often on their lips, and the poets and story tellers composed very many stories about her, not their lips, and the poets and story tellers composed very many stories about her, not grounded on fact, as are those which have been here set forth, but the fabric of idle imaginings, wrought to please the fancy of lovers or to wake the memories of older folk. So that, if a stranger goes now to Strelsau, he may be pardoned if it seem to him that all mankind was in love with Princess Osra. Nay, and those stories so pass all fair bounds that if you listen to them you would come near to believing that the princess also had found some love for all the men who had given her their love. Thus, to many she is less a woman that Thus, to many she is less a woman that once lived and breathed than some sweet image under whose name they fondly group all the virtues and the charms of her whom they love best, each man fashioning for himself from his own choren model her whom he calls his princess. Yet it may be that for some of them who so truly loved her, her heart had a moment's tenderness. Who shall tell all the short-lived dreams that cover and may the tempolines and stir-Who shall tell all the short-lived dreams that come and go, the promptings and stirrings of a vagrant inclination? And who would pry too closely into these sceret matters? May we not more properly give thanks to heaven that the thing is as it is? For surely it makes greatly for the increase of joy and entertainment in the world, and of courtesy and tenderness, that the neart of Princess Osra—or of what lady you may choose, Eir, to call by her name—should

WUNYON'S Grand Work For Humanity.

Stop Killing Tourself With Danger ous Doses of Polsonous Drugs-Get Munyon's Guide to Health and Cure Yourself With a Harmless 25-Cent Remedy - Positive and Permanent Cures for Catarrh, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney Troubles and All Special Blood and Nerve ous Diseases.

Why pay big doctor bills to have your constitution rulned by old-fashioned doses of mercury, morphine and quinine? Why not try a 25-cent bottle of Munyou's Homeopathic Home Remedies? They are absolutely harmless and contain positive cures for the most obstinate diseases. A separate specific for each disease. Sold by all druggists.

Munyen's Rheumatism Cure never fails to relieve
in 1 to 3 hours and cures in a few days. Price,

Munyon's Dyspepsia Cure is guaranteed to cure Price, 25c.

Munyon's Catarrh Cure soothes and heals the afflicted parts and restores them to health. No failure. Price, 25c. Specially successful cures for pervous nervous diseases, specific blood and skin troubles. Liver, Kidney and Bladder troubles, Female Weak-

ness, Piles and Neuralgia quickly cured.

Personal letters to Prof. Munyon, 1505 Arch
street, Pailadelphia, Pa., answered with free medical advice for any disease.

flutter in pretty hesitation here and there

and to and fro a little, before it flies on a straight swift wing to its destined and desired home. And if you be not the prince for your princess, why, sir, your case is a sad one. Yet there have been many such, and still there is laughter as well as tears in the tune to which the world spins round. But still a ruby kindles in the vine And many a garden by the water blows. Wear your willow, then, as the Marquis de Merosailles wore his-lightly and yet most courteously—or wear it as some say the Bishop of Modenste'n wore one, with courage and self-mastery. That is, if wear it you must. You remember what the miller of Hofbau thought?

SHE WANTED TO SEE IT. A Child's Amusing Idea of What a From the Chicago Post.

She is a little mixed on the subject of birthdays. In a general way she realizes that a birthday is a handy thing to have around the house, but that is as far as she has reasoned it out. Her third birthday arrived on schedule time Thursday, and she was duly apprised of the fact that it was coming by her two elder brothers. They told her about it a week or two beborehand. They also speculated a good deal as to what she would receive, and perhaps it was excusable for her to become somewhat bewildered.

"Ith I goin' to have a bi'thday?" she asked her mother when first told of it.
"Yes, dear," was the reply.
"When?"
"Next Thursday."

Her brothers continued dilating on the beauties of birthdays, and she continued making inquiries about hers until the day

came.

Early that morning she raised herself up in her little bed and asked anxiously:

"Mamma, hath my bl'thday comed?"

"Yes, dear," replied her mother.

The little one looked around the room ex-

The little one looked around the room expectantly.

"Well, where ith it?" she asked.

It took her mother the entire day to explain to her satisfaction what a birthday is, and even then she rather clung to the idea that the doll she received as a present was really a "bi'thday."

Training Bees as Letter Carriers. From the Westminster Gazette.

An apiculturist has commenced training bees for letter carrying purposes. After a few preliminary trials, he says, he took a hive of them to the house of a friend four miles distant. After some days, when the bees had become familiar with their new surroundings, some of them were liberated in a room, where they soon settled on a plate of honey which had been specially prepared for them. While they were busy eating it their trainer placed on their backs the tiniest of dispatches, fastened with the thinacst of dispatches, tastened with the thinacst of thread, and so arranged them as to leave the head and wings absolutely free. They vere then thrown into the air, and soon arrived at their own home with the letters on their backs. The writing was magnified and quite legible. Here, then, is an opening for a new industry. In time of war bees would have the advantage over pigeons of invisibility, and might go through the enemy's lines with impunity.



"Fraise be to the Lord! I've got rid of that counterfeit coin what's been a-troublin' my conscience fer the last four months."



"Gol darn his old hide! Ef he hast't been shovin' the queer on me.



"Say, son, I'll give ye a nice, big silver ollar for them two chickens."



"Herray, pop. I swapped both you chickens fer a whole big dollar."-Life.